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R A T H O:

A

P O E M.



R A T H O:

A

P O E M

TO THE

K I N G.

By Mr. MITCHELL.

*Nescio qua natale Solum Dulcedine Musas
Ducit, & immemores non sinit esse sui!*

OVID.

L O N D O N:

Printed for JOHN GRAY at the Cross-Keys in the
Poultrey. 1728.



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TO THE
RIGHT HONOURABLE
C H A R L E S
E A R L of *Lawderdale*,
Lord Lieutenant and High-Sheriff
of EDINBURGSHIRE;
Master-General of his Majesty's MINT
in SCOTLAND;
One of the Lords of POLICE;
Superior of the *Parishes* of RATHO, &c.

My

vj DEDICATION.

My LORD,



HAVE address'd this Poem to his *Majesty*, who alone can answer the End for which it was chiefly compos'd. But I can't neglect so fair an Opportunity of paying my dutiful Respects to your *Lordship*, whose noble Family has, for many Centuries, held the Superiority of the Place I have attempted to Sing.

As the good People of *RATHO*, in General, will rejoyce
to

DEDICATION. vij

to see this Piece of Justice and Gratitude paid you, whom they have so much Reason to honour and love ; So it will be a sensible Satisfaction to my Kindred, in Particular, who have had so many Instances of your Kindness, and are so truly devoted to your Service. As for my own Part, no Pleasure can equal That, which I feel in making you this acknowledgment of Obligations and Esteem, but the Joy which would inspire me to behold our *King* making an actual Progress through our *Country*, and conferring Marks of his

viii DEDICATION.

his royal Favour on the antient
City of *RATHO*, and the
noble Family of *LAWDERDALE*.

BUT whether my Muse may
hereby contribute to this desired
End, and prove the means of pro-
curing Blessings to my *Birth-
Place* and native *Country*, I have
Occasion to display her generous
Sentiments and Power. Perhaps
too, your *Lordship* may feel a
Pleasure in observing what Im-
provement She has made of the
Advantages of her Education. I
should indeed be ashamed of her
Per-

DEDICATION. ix

Performances, when I reflect on what She owed so early to the noble *Translator* of VIRGIL, your *Lordship's Uncle*, Earl *Richard*. Inspir'd by his immortal Works, more might have been expected of mine. How then shall I answer it to your *Lordship* and all the World, that, from the Patronage of your great *Father*, Earl JOHN, under which my Infancy was cherish'd and my Genius form'd, I have made so little Progress in *Arts*, and advanc'd so slowly to *Fame*!

b

I A M

X DEDICATION.

I AM unwilling to be particular in mentioning my Debt to your *Lordship's* self, lest I should transgress in the distasteful Style of common *Dedications*: But must beg leave to assure you, that, tho' I was not permitted to be a *Priest*, I pray as heartily for your Happiness, as any one in the *Presbytery* does, who is pay'd for his Piety! And, if I may be permitted to prophecy (a Liberty always granted to *Poets*) I promise and foretel, that, from your *Lordship's* happy Conjunction with the fair
and

DEDICATION. xj

and virtuous Daughter of the great *Earl* of FINDLATOR and SEAFIELD, will issue a Race, in whom will be blended the Perfections of both illustrious Lines, to qualify them to fill the important Places of *King's high Commissioner, Secretary of State, and Chancellor of the Nation*; Places, which his living *Lordship* has adorn'd; and which, in former Times, were adorn'd by half a dozen of your own Ancestors, almost in an uninterrupted hereditary Succession.

xij DEDICATION.

O may they, blest with every blooming Grace,
With equal Steps the Paths of Glory trace,
Join to their Ancestors a rival Name,
And shine like them in brightest Spheres of Fame,
The fairest Patriots of the honour'd *North*!
And first in Pow'r, because the first in Worth!

BUT, my Lord, tho' my *Muse*
pleases herself, at a distance, with
this glorious reversionary Prospect
of your Posterity's Greatness and
Felicity, I shall not live long
enough to record their Actions and
celebrate their Lives; which is a
Misfortune I feel as sensibly, as
perhaps MOSES did, when, from
Mount

DEDICATION. xiiij

Mount *PISGAH*'s Summit, he
saw the promis'd Land, but cou'd
not enter there with the Tribes
of *ISRAEL*. However, to my
last Breath, I will be, with my
best Wishes and Services,

My Lord,

Your Lordship's

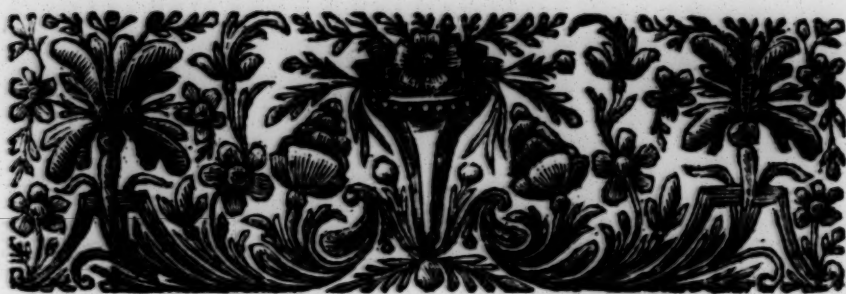
Most Faithful

and Devoted Servant,

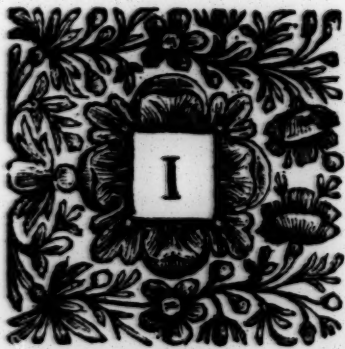
LONDON,
April 4th, 1728.

MITCHELL.





T H E
P R E F A C E.

 *WISH I could introduce the following Poem to your Favour, by an apter and more entertaining Preface, than this Most humble Address and Petition of the Inhabitants of RATHO to the King's most excellent Majesty: But, as it gave my Muse the Hint, so it affords a clear Idea of the Work: It represents, at once, the true Sense of that good and loyal*
People

xvj P R E F A C E.

*People, and the Reasons that give a sort of
Sanction to the Novelty and Oddness of my
Composition.*

DREAD SOVEREIGN,

“ INTO the large offering of Condolance
“ and Congratulation made by your duti-
“ ful Subjects, on the sudden Decease of
“ our late gracious King, your Royal Fa-
“ ther of blessed Memory, and your Ma-
“ jesty’s peaceful Accession to the Impe-
“ rial Throne of these Realms, may we,
“ the Inhabitants of *R A T H O*, in
“ NORTH-BRITAIN, be permitted to
“ throw our humble Mite?

“ THO’ this our Place of Residence
“ has, Time out of mind, been no less
“ defenceless for want of Walls, Bulwarks,
“ Garrisons,

P R E F A C E. xvij

“ Garrisons, and Arms, than destitute
“ of the Charters, Privileges, and Be-
“ nefits, which Royal Authority has be-
“ stow'd on many less antient Towns,
“ Burroughs, and Cities, of our Fellow
“ Subjects ; yet, being equally interest-
“ ed in the publick Sorrows and Joys
“ of our King and Country, we judge
“ it our Duty to appear concern'd in
“ the Crowd of loyal *Addressers* on this
“ remarkable Event.

“ N O R can we despair of your Ma-
“ jesty's gracious Regard and Protection
“ (notwithstanding our inconsiderable Per-
“ sons, Properties, and Appearance) when
“ we think of our lawful Share in the
“ common Blessings, which the *Magna*
“ *Charta* and *Acts of Parliament* in gene-
“ ral, and your Majesty's early *Declara-*
“ *tion*

xviii P R E F A C E.

“ *tion* and gracious *Speeches* in particu-
“ lar, have intail’d and ensur’d to the
“ meanest, as well as the greatest, of
“ your *British* Subjects.

“ AND, if it were not too much Pre-
“ sumption in People of our Condition,
“ to represent our honest Pretensions to
“ the royal Grace, and assert the Liber-
“ ty of Petitioning for it, we might
“ hope from your Majesty’s great Wis-
“ dom, Goodness, and Power, that ruin-
“ ed *RATHO*, our native Seat, shall
“ regain all the happy Circumstances, that
“ contribute to exalt rural Villages into
“ royal Burroughs, and distinguish Lord-
“ ly Cities, from Towns of Plebeian
“ Figure.

“ BUT,

P R E F A C E. xix

“ B U T, passing the Boast we might
“ make of what our Place was, and our
“ Predecessors were in Times of old;
“ (for *vix ea nostra*) we beg leave only
“ to say what we ourselves are, and have
“ done, to engage your Majesty to restore
“ our *JERUSALEM*, and make it
“ a Praise among our Neighbours, and
“ through the whole Earth.

“ B E S I D E S, that we are a People of
“ one Heart and one Mind, in matters
“ of Faith and Conscience; we are unani-
“ mously attach'd, without mental Equi-
“ vocation or secret Reservation, to the
“ *Protestant Succession* in your august Fa-
“ mily; and accordingly, did voluntari-
“ ly, with no less Bravery than Zeal,
“ appear a warlike Militia in Time of

xx P R E F A C E.

“ the late unnatural Rebellion. We
“ have also, on all Occasions before
“ and since, maintain'd the Rights and
“ Honour of the *Revolution* Establish-
“ ment; and never grudg'd our Pro-
“ portion of Taxes, nor scrupled to
“ hazard our Lives and Fortunes in the
“ Service of our King and Country.
“ Moreover, we cannot help boasting,
“ that we were the very *first* Society or
“ Assembly of People in *NORTH-*
“ *BRITAIN*, who, upon receiving
“ the News of his late Majesty's Death,
“ did proclaim, at our *R A M E-*
“ *STONE*, your Majesty's rightful
“ Title and happy Accession to the
“ Throne, with perfect Accord of Heart
“ and Tongue.

“ W H E N

P R E F A C E. xxj

“ W H E N your Majesty allows these
“ Considerations a Place in your Royal
“ Thoughts, there is no doubt but you
“ will be graciously pleased to favour us
“ with some Mark of your Beneficence---
“ such as a *Charter*, constituting us real-
“ ly what we now are only in Idea
“ and Desire---or a yearly *Fair* and week-
“ ly *Market*, to bring Money and Meat
“ among us---or a *Turnpike* and *Toll*, for
“ Reparation of our Streets and Walls,
“ which, alas! lie buried, like those of
“ T R O Y---or whatsoever else your Ma-
“ jesty, in your great Goodness, Wif-
“ dom, and Power, shall think fit; that,
“ with increased Zeal and Loyalty, we,
“ your faithful Folks of *RATHO*, may
“ persevere in praying for all Blessings
“ to your sacred Majesty, our most gra-
“ cious

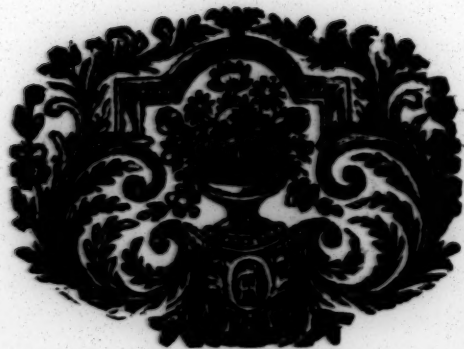
xxij P R E F A C E.

“ cious Queen *CAROLINE*, your
“ Royal Issue, and all the Rest of the
“ Royal Family; and that, when it shall
“ please your Majesty to make a Pro-
“ gress in this Part of your Dominions,
“ (which doubtless your Majesty would
“ find for your Interest as well as ours)
“ we may be in a Condition to receive and
“ entertain your Majesty’s Court handsomly
“ (as in Duty bound) as well as enabled
“ to hold out manfully against all *Pre-*
“ *tenders* and Adversaries, who may at
“ any Time make bold to invade or
“ besiege us. *Amen.*

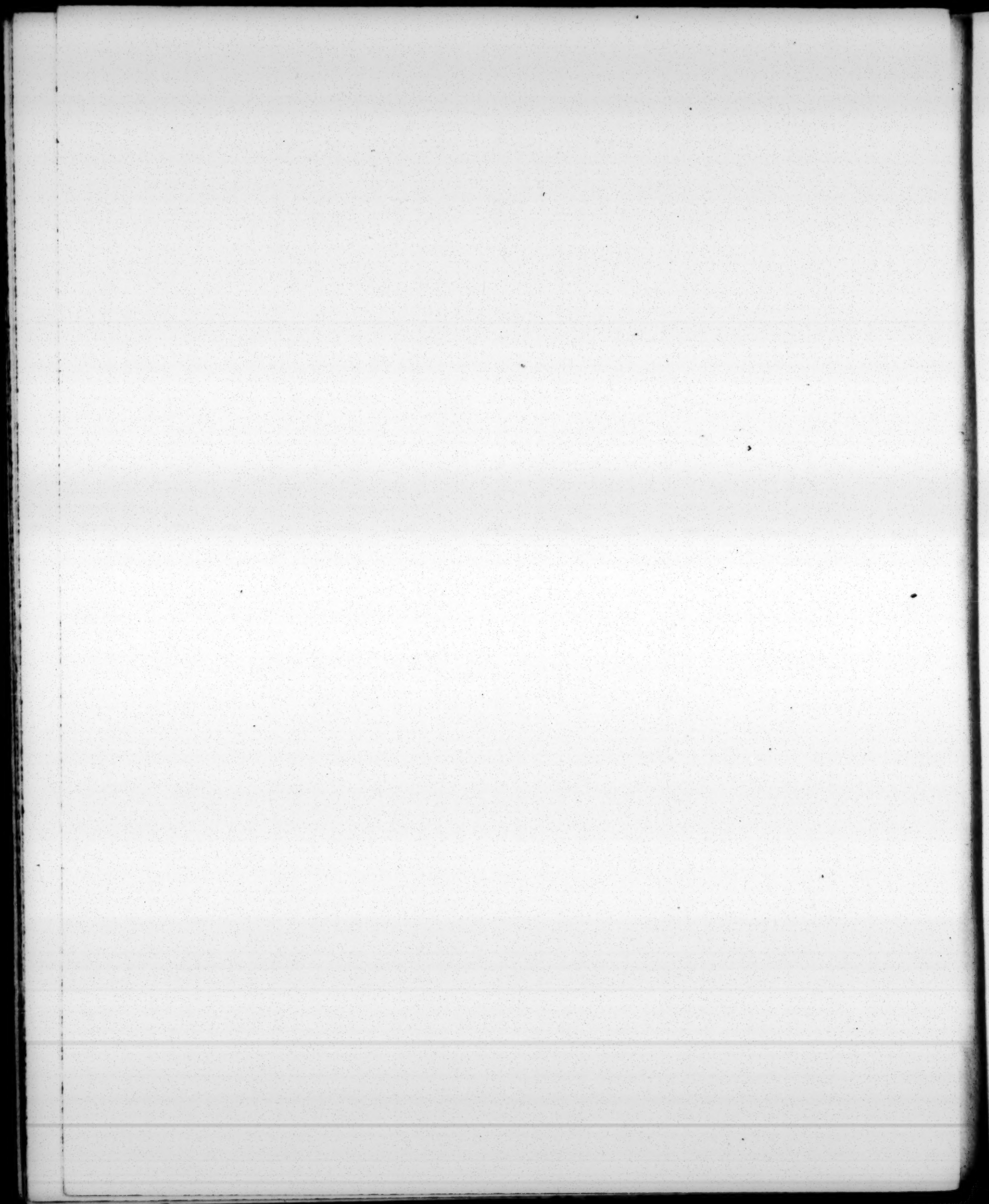
HAVING thus presented you, Readers,
with the Grounds and Reasons of this
Poem, I might, in the next Place, tell
you, that the End of it is the Honour
and Interest of my native Country! But,
without

P R E F A C E. xxiiij

*without making any such Apology, I
take my leave, with a Quotation of
Mr. PRIOR's Preface to SOLOMON,
as being a-propos to my Purpose and my
Principle, viz. " I had rather be thought
" a good Englishman, than the best Poet,
" or greatest Scholar, that ever wrote.*



RATHO:





RATHO:

A

POEM.

I SING of *RATHO*. Help me to relate
Its past, its present, and its future State,
Ye *Pow'rs* celestial; and enroll, in Fame,
The Lays inscrib'd to *GEORGE*'s sacred Name.
And thou, dread *Monarch*, deign a kind Regard—
Thy Smiles are Sanction, and thy Praise Reward:
For These I bend; for These permit my Pray'r,
With These, propitious, crown thy *Servant's* Care;

A

If



If e'er the *Muse* afforded Thee Delight,
If e'er a *Bard* found Favour in thy Sight.

WEST from EDINA—*Caledonian* Pride,
And Wonder of the neighbouring World beside!—
A champion Country, hedg'd on every Hand
With stately Hills, adorns the *Lothian* Land;
By Nature form'd to give the *Muse* Delight,
Inspire her Rapture, and her Verse invite.

THO' here no Cedar tow'rs its ample Head;
No spicy Gums and Frankincense are spread;
No clustering Vines and rich Pomegranates glow;
No limpid Streams of Milk and Honey flow;
Tho' the blue Fig and yellow Olive fail,
And blushing Peaches shun the Wint'ry Gale;

Yet

A P O E M.

3

Yet here, uncurst with Skies inclement, Groves
For Contemplation, and Repose, and Loves;
Corn, Plants, and Flowers, of native Product, spring;
Fish glad the Streams, and Birds harmonious sing;
Hawks, Hounds, and Guns, have here unbounded Scope;
And eager Sportsmen crown their rural Hope;
Here bleating Flocks and lowing Herds abound;
And sweet Content spreads Happiness around.

B U T (so Heaven's Will, all-governing, ordain'd)
Unprais'd for Ages has this Scene remain'd,
Unknown to modern *Bards*, or by them scorn'd,
And, now, too late, by *MITCHELL*'s self adorn'd,
Tho' none so dear, so lovely to his Sight
Of all the Lands, the Sun o'erspreads with Light!

A 2

Thus

4 R A T H O.

Thus *Trojan* Tow'rs in Ashes long had lain,
Ere H O M E R's Verse restor'd their Pride again,
And with immortal Glory rais'd the Slain.



B U T *Sages*, more discerning, saw this Seat,
They saw and chose it for a calm Retreat,
Before the World confest the *Christian* Name,
Or A L B I O N knew the *Greek* and *Roman* Fame!
Here hoary *Hermits* first Possession took,
And, greatly good, their All for Heav'n forfook!
Here self-taught *Bards* from Nature Knowledge drew,
Look'd past, and present, and the future thro',
Sung sacred Things, and sacred were confest,
Their Minds and Morals of all Men the best!
Here venerable *Druids*, with Renown,
Transmissive, Truths Historic handed down,

The

A P O E M.

5.

The Will of Fate oraculous explain'd,
 And by their Lives immortal Honours gain'd !
 Here constant Vows by *Travellers* were paid,
 Where holy Horrors solemniz'd a Shade !
 And *Courtiers*, weary of the World, were found
 In Greens embow'ring, or on Banks embrown'd !
 At last, so famous grew the sacred Place,
Heroes and *Kings* resolv'd to give it Grace—
 First, with a glorious Principle inspir'd,
 To follow Nature from the Crowd retir'd,
 In Groves and Grotto's of the silent Wood,
 Observ'd the Duties of the wise and good;
 Till, by Degrees of humble Blessings cloy'd,
 Blessings possess'd, but not alike enjoy'd!
 They let in Pomp and Noise, and Innocence destroy'd.

A M O N G.

A M O N G th' Admirers of this beauteous Scene
Shone *RATHO* fair, a famous *Pictish Queen*,
Ere *Scottish* Pow'r o'erthrew her Nation's State,
And made that People Fugitives of Fate.
Fond of the Mountains, Vallies, and the Woods,
The Meads and Dales, the Forests and the Floods,
(For these, in those far distant Ages, grac'd
This rural Seat, and every where were prais'd!)
Romantic, she converts a lovely Bow'r,
Her favourite Mansion! to a Royal Tow'r,
Which, gathering by Degrees, a *City* grew,
(So Legends tell, and what they tell is true)
A *City*, known in early times to Fame,
The *Lothian* Boast, and *RATHO* was its Name;
A Name from *RATHO*, *Pictish Queen* renown'd,
And to this Day with Veneration own'd!

Now

A P O E M.

7

N o w Walls and Bulwarks for Defence were rear'd,
Columns, and Spires, and Palaces appear'd!
Domes crowd on Domes, and Fanes with Temples vye!
And Courts and Castles tire the wondering Eye!
High o'er the rest th' imperial Structure shone,
Antique the Building, but of burnish'd Stone!
Along the middle Street, from End to End,
A limpid Stream did cooling Comfort lend,
Whence the great *Cross* of solid Rock took Name,
And to this day is styl'd the *RATHO-RAME*.
Like BABEL-TOW'R, it grac'd a rising Ground,
Center of all *Rathonian Domes* around!
From whose broad Base, so wonderful to tell,
A sacred Fluid, call'd the RAME-STONE WELL,

Incessant

B

R A T H O.

Inceffant flow'd, with various Virtues blest,
But most with Health and Joy to the Distrest!
Around whose verdant Borders oft were seen,
The Moonlight Gambols of a *Fairy Queen*,
With her gay Train, (as *Legends* tell) in green:
Her all rever'd, as *Genius* of the Stream,
Much was she prais'd, and *L A D A* was her Name.

HERE first my Mind from Nature Knowledge brought,
Thro' gross Effects their mystic Causes sought;
Explor'd the Wonders too refin'd for Sense,
And Order found too regular for Chance.
Here first my Youth, with Love of Song possess'd,
Felt Heavenly Fire, and was with Visions blest;
Here, Studios, first unlock'd the ancient Store,
And spoils of Learning from the *Classicks* bore.

Here

A P O E M.

9

Here too, alas! in youthful days my Heart
Was first transfix'd with *Love's* almighty Dart;
And here my *Muse* first plain'd the mighty Woe
My Soul first knew, and evermore must know—
The best of Brothers and of Friends inhum'd,
When fresh his Virtues with Life's Vigour bloom'd!
Untimely snatch'd from these admiring Eyes,
Whose Image ever to my Thought must rise!
O! while his Spirit, mix'd with social Saints,
Estrang'd to Sorrow, and above Complaints,
The Earnest of eternal Bliss enjoys,
(Till, from the Dust his kindred Ashes rise,
And with it, perfect, gain imperial Skies;)
May guardian *Angels* faithful Vigils keep
Around the Tomb, where now these Ashes sleep!

B

May

May no dire Horrors of a Shade surround,
Nor mortal Hands disturb, the sacred Ground!
When shall the *Virtues*, *Loves* and *Graces* find
A purer Body for so pure a Mind?
When, when have Cause to tend another Urn,
And, for a truer, dearer, Votary mourn?

BUT human Blessings are precarious still,
And Time must Nature's great Behests fulfill.
Thro' length of Years minutest Things grow great,
And highest Glories feel Reverse of Fate.
Thrice happy *RATHO*, had it still remain'd
A City, or its natural Charms retain'd!
But, PICTS o'ercome, soon dwindled antient Pride,
And what the Conquerors left it, Time destroy'd!

SCARCE

A P O E M.

J I

SCARCE can our Eyes, with curious Search, behold
The sunk Foundations of the *Walls* of old!
We can but guess where stood the imperial *Dome*,
Long, long engulph'd in Earth's capacious Womb!
Hardly the sacred *Temples* can be trac'd,
And glitt'ring *Spires* for ever lie disgrac'd!
The RAME-STONE, once a Monument so high,
Piercing thro' Clouds and gaining on the Sky,
Now, mouldring, scarce a Yard of Length retains,
The Prey of ever-wasting Winds and Rains!
And the clear *Stream*, that gently roll'd along,
In antient Times, the *Bards* and *Lovers* Song,
Now, mix'd with Mud, ignobly Passage makes,
Or, here absorpt, another Channel takes!
Where beauteous *Bridges* arch'd aloft before,
And *Pleasure-Boats* row'd by from Door to Door,

Vile Steps of Stone and Logs of Wood appear,
 And sordid Fragments tumble all the Year!
 The sacred *Well* the common Lot partakes—
 Health-giving Virtue now its Spring forsakes!
 For vigorous R A M E (as antient *Bards* rehearse
 In venerable Tales and antique Verse)
 Enamour'd, stole on *L A D A*'s gentle Charms,
 Mix'd with her Soul, and melted in her Arms:
 She, all abash'd the blushing Scene forsook,
 And, with her Train, in P L E T T a Refuge took—
 P L E T T! hospitable Height of Land, where I,
 (As *FLAMSTEAD* erst from *GREENWICH*) gaz'd the Sky;
 Oft, in my youth, my happier Days, alone,
 Or with a Friend, the rolling Orbs, that shone
 Distant, like twinkling Tapers in the Night,
 Observ'd with curious Wonder and Delight;

And

A P O E M.

13

And oft, the Blessings of a private State
Admiring, learnt Compassion for the *Great*.
For ever fam'd and sacred be thy Sides,
O Hill, whence *LADA* weeps her silver Tides;
Like *HELICON*, inspiring be the Tears,
And let the *Well* immortal live in Verse,
Her *WELL*, where, oft o'ercharg'd with amorous Woe,
My swelling Heart has taught my Eyes to flow,
As *STLVIA* coy, or *CELIA* false I sung,
Or, all untun'd, my Harp on Willows hung.

BUT, *Muse*, a Veil of dark Oblivion cast
On thy fond Master's various Sufferings past;
No Image of long-finish'd Grief recall—
—*OPHELIA* more than makes Amends for all.

OF

OF antient *RATHO*, rear'd with Cost and Pain,
How few and wretched Monuments remain !
Sometimes the Plough, from Fields adjacent, tears
The Limbs of Men, and Armour broke with Years ;
Sometimes a Medal, all effac'd, is found,
And mouldring Urns are gather'd from the Ground :
But who, ah ! who can decent Honours pay,
Or separate Vulgar from Imperial Clay ?
Dire Fate of Mortals ! *Cottagers* and *Kings*
Promiscuous lie, alike unheeded Things !
Destroying Time and the devouring Grave
Alike confound the *Coward* and the *Brave* !
Distinction's lost ! no Marks of State adorn !
And *RATHO* looks, like *TROY*, a Field of Corn !

Y E T

A P O E M.

15

Y E T, as in th' Ark the chosen *NOAH* sail'd,
When o'er the World the pouring Floods prevail'd,
So still some Remnants of primaeval Grace,
From blank Oblivion, save th' imperial Place :
Some true Traditions, in the Country known,
In spite of Time, are handed careful down.
Tho', with its *Walls* and *Battlements*, are lost,
All the *Records* th' Inhabitants cou'd boast,
Among the *Lothian* Seats shines *RATHO*'s Name,
And its *new* People burn with *antient* Flame.
As Generations in their Course decay,
(*This* flourishing, when *That* is past away)
The wither'd Leaf of pristine Glory falls,
And Buds of Virtue croud the modern Walls—
A simple, frugal, hospitable Race,
With little Wealth, but Revenues of Grace,

To

To Labour bred, without Ambition brave,
 Chearful of Heart, and pleas'd with what they have!

As needy *Peasants* destin'd to reside
 Remote from Neighbours, in a Desert wide,
 Studious to save what human Wants require,
 In Embers heap'd preserve the sacred Fire;
 So true *RATHONIANS*, with unwearied Pains,
 Trace antient Paths, and dig for old Remains,
 Their *Predecessor's* Merit keep alive,
 And, to be like Them, ever-labouring strive.
 From *Them* the curious Stranger now may hear
 How Men of old were summon'd far and near,
 Compleat in Arms, at *RATHO-RAME* t' appear!
 How *RENFREW, RUGLIN, GIVIN, GLASGOW, TOWNS*
 Far distant, answer'd on *Rathonian* Downs!

How

A P O E M.

17

How fair *EDINA* was design'd to rise
Where now in Ruins antient *RATHO* lies!
What circling Castles, Palaces, and Tow'rs,
Burroughs, and Cities, Villages, and Bow'rs,
From *GOGAR* gay to *HATTON*'s lofty Spires,
And all around to *NORTON* and the *BYRES*
Of *RATHO* held, to *RATHO* Homage paid,
RATHO, that o'er the rest its Head display'd
High, as the Mountain Oak, or stately Pine,
O'ertops the prickly Thorn, or Ivy-clasping Vine.

BUT not alone from *History* something sav'd
Shews what *it* was, and how *their* Sires behav'd—
Let *Roman Walls* and *Monuments* declare,
And what once *were* be known from Things that *are*.

C

Ah!



Ah! had no Strife and Fury broke between,
 The SCOTS and PICTS triumphant still had been,
 And modern Ages ancient *RATHO* seen!

Y E T Hope remains—as when the Mountain's Head
 With scowling Shadows all round is spread,
 Sudden the Lightning with a flashing Ray,
 Bursts thro the Darkness, and lets down the Day;
 So ruin'd *RATHO* shall regain Renown,
 By royal Bounty of the *British* Crown.
The Time will come (a Tale Prophetic says)
But, ah! how distant! when a Sprig of Bays,
From Reliques of a sacred Wreath shall Spring,
And round the Royal-Oak devoutly cling:
The Royal-Oak will condescend t' embrace
The gentle Sprig, and shield and shade the Place.

“ This

" This (says Tradition) shews a *Bard* will rise,
 " In future Time, where now another lyes!
 " His Lays will charm inexorable Fate,
 " And move a *Monarch* to restore the State
 Of *RATHO*.

SIRE,

The *Monarch* art not Thou?
 And am not *I* the *Bard*, who humbly bow?
 What modern *Muse*, but mine, from *RATHO* sprung?
 And to what *King*, but *Thee*, has *MITCHELL* sung?
 Tho' born of Blood, by long disastrous Fate,
 Debarr'd the Glories of the *vulgar Great*;
 Yet this my Boast, my *Birth-Place* was a Dome,
 Where stood of old a *Temple* and a *Tomb*.!
 What store of hallowed Bones and sacred Clay
 Beneath my Bed and infant Cradle lay!

Deep in the Reliques took my *Laurel* Root,
And o'er the Ruins did my Branches shoot,
Branches, that now with pious Duty greet
The *Royal-Oak*, and bloom about his Feet!
Now, shall another *Monarch* be that *Oak*,
Of which the *Sage*, with Soul-illumin'd, spoke?
Forbid it, Heav'n, that any *Prince* beside
To *RATHO* should restore its pristine Pride.
Leave not, O gracious *Sire*, so great a Thing,
So vast a Glory to a future *King*.
Be it, my Master, be it only *thine*,
At *MITCHELL*'s Suit, to make his *RATHO* shine.

WHEN *ALEXANDER*, in Atchievements great,
Had broke alike the *Theban* Pow'r and State,

Entering

A P O E M.

21

Entering the Town, he bad his Soldiers spare,
“ For P I N D A R’s sacred dwelling Place was there!
And, for the sake of S O P H O C L E S’s *muse*
A T H E N S obtain’d the Conqueror’s Excuse!
Thus S Y R A C U S E, so long defended, lost,
The brave M A R C E L L U S charg’d his *Roman* Host,
“ Not to revenge the Nation’s Blood and Strife
“ On venerable A R C H I M E D E S’ Life!
So, when U L Y S S E S round his Vengeance spread,
And all who wrong’d their absent Lord lay dead;
When ev’n L I O D E S, *Priest* and *Augur*, fell,
P H E M I U S, who drank of the *Pierian* Well,
P H E M I U S, the sweet, the Heav’n-instructed *Bard*,
Alone was, for his sacred Virtues, spar’d!

S U C H

SUCH Instances let others boast and praise——
My *Liege* will do more Honour to my Lays;
Not barely save the Place where I was born,
But with superior Pow'r and Grace adorn.

'Tis done---Behold, th' ideal *Muse* can see
A City built by *GEORGE*'s great decree!
What Domes and Tow'rs their lofty Summits rear!
How Temples shine, and crowded Courts appear!
Distinct in Rows, where'er my Eyes I turn,
Columns amidst a Blaze of Glory burn!
What ample Gates! and how, with airy Mounds,
A Strength of Wall the guarded City bounds!

A P O E M.

23

Old *RAME* afresh forsakes his oozy Bed,
Again, envigour'd, lifts his azure Head!
See, from his Urn, he pours the silver Stream,
Again the *Poet's* and the *Lover's* Theme!
Bridges and Boats for Pleasure crown the Scene,
And ne'er was *RATHO* known so sweet and clean!

THUS when of SALEM sage HAGGAI foretold
That its new *Temple* shou'd exceed the old,
'Twas done---for *Herod's* Bounty gave it more
Magnificence, than e'er it had before!

How glorious this Reverse of Fortune shows,
And how to *Me* she pays the Debt she owes!
To *Me* what noble Proofs of Love are rais'd,
Not fond of Flatt'ry, nor with Praise unpleas'd!

For,

For, lo! rich Honours now the *House* adorn,
 Where I, the destin'd Sprig of *Bays*, was born!
 A pompous *Palace* rises in its Place,
 The Pride of *RATHO*, and BRITANNIA's Grace!
 With Statues, Sculptures, Pictures finely drest,
 And my sage *Busto* looking o'er the rest!
 Nor PRIOR to *Himself*, nor ROTTERDAME
 T' ERASMUS, rear'd such Monuments of Fame!

BUT yonder, where the *RAME-STONE* stood of old,
 The second *GEORGE* on Horseback, all in Gold!
 Prodigious Sight! nor boastful ROME, nor GREECE,
 Cou'd ever shew so beautiful a Piece!
 Nor cou'd their famous Progeny afford
 A braver *Hero* and a better *Lord*!

For

A P O E M.

25

For all the various Attributes of Fame,
Collected, shine compleat in *GEORGE's* Name.

YE guardian *Genii* of the Good and Great,
Unwearied round the Royal Person wait.
Your sacred Aid the God-like *Monarchs* own,
Who merit first, before they mount a Throne.
You he reveres, as *We his* dread Command,
O! crown his Reign, as he preserves the Land,
Persists the Pattern of Imperial Sway,
Makes righteous Laws, *Himself* the first t'obey!
Fast by his Throne, whilst fairest Fame resides,
Let Peace and Wealth incessant roll their Tides.
And late, O! late, and but by slow Decays,
Unknown to Pain, may he conclude his Days;

D

To

To the dark Grave retiring, as to Rest ;
 Blessing his People, and in Blessing blest !

BE this my Morning and my Evening-Pray'r,
 My Life's true Pleasure and devoted Care,
 Ambitious to resemble my great *Patron, STAIR,*
 A Soul by Principles of *Honour* led !
 To *Truth*, to *Liberty*, and *Virtue*, bred !
 True to his *King*, his *Country*, and his Word !
 No mercenary, cringing, cunning, Lord ;
 Conscious of his uncommon Worth and Parts ;
 But scorning mean, sinister, sordid Arts !
 Whether with honest *Place* and *Pension* crown'd,
 Or unrewarded, ever faithful found !
 Ever the same disinterested Mind !
 The finish'd *Statesman*, *Soldier*, *Patriot*, join'd !

Abroad.

A P O E M.

27

Abroad, at Home, by all the Just, confest
In Peace and War the ablest and the best!
 —Long may my *Liege* find Servants such as *He!*
 Their Aim his *Glory*, more than Favour, be!
 His Annals sung by nobler *Bards* than *Me!*



O! how I long to hail the happy Day,
 When *Majesty* its *Glory* shall display
 In *CALEDONIA*'s ancient Realm again!
 A pious Wish! And may it not prove vain!
 When shall *EDINA*, as in Times of old,
 Receive her *King*? O! when shall *SCOTS* behold
 A *Royal Progress* thro' their Native Land,
 And gazing Crowds grow *loyal* as they stand?
 Methinks, like his great *Ancestors* inspir'd,
 The Second *GEORGE* complies to what's desir'd!

Io triumphe! Countrymen and Friends,
The King a Visit to the *North* intends!
Prepare the Way——our gracious King will come,
As *CONSTANTINE* in Triumph to his *ROME*,
When eager Subjects on his Chariot hung,
And the proud Scene with *Io Pean* rung!
With equal Joy, may duteous Subjects meet
Our glorious Liege, and his *Procession* greet;
Let every Tongue with Transport sound his Praise,
And every Eye, as on an *Angel*, gaze,
Who, like a *G O D*, in Glory deigns to move.
The publick Wonder, and the publick Love!
O! if, from this important *Æra*, Peace
Might stand confirm'd, and Faction ever cease!

B U T

A P O E M.

29

BUT howsoe'er a Rebel-Race behave,
 Open, ye Gates of *RATHO*, to receive
 The *British King*, your Patron ever dear!
 Let grateful Gladness in each Face appear!
 Meet him, conducted by your noble *Head*,
 (Proud to be led, as *LAWDERDALE* to lead)
 Ye *Habitants* renown'd, both great and small,
 Let *Loyalty* and *Love* transport you all,
 To hail the Hand, from whence your Blessing springs,
 And praise the best of all the *British Kings*,
 A *King*, who takes no Lustre from a Throne,
 But, by his Virtues, dignifies his Crown!

YE generous *Bards* of *ALBION*'s frosty North,
 Too little known, tho' not the least in Worth,

Awake,

Awake, awake—— a Theme, like This, might warm
 The coldest Breast, and brightest Fancy charm.
 Let distant Ages in your Numbers view
 The first of *Monarchs* and of *Poets* too.
 With faithful Care discharge your glorious Trust.
 O Sing great *GEORGE*, and save yourselves from dust.

LET Inspiration leave me and my Lays,
 When I turn Silent in my *Sov'reign's* Praise.
 From my right Hand and sounding Lyre depart
Poetic Cunning, when I move my Heart,
 O *RATHO*, darling Native seat, from Thee,
 Like *SALEM* sweet, or *EDEN* blest, to *Me*!

BUT shou'd reluctant Fate suspend the Bliss
 Of such a lovely, sacred Scene, as *This*——

Shou'd

A P O E M.

31

Shou'd Second *GEORGE* his royal Ear refuse,
And Scorn the gentle Courtship of the *Muse*—
Have *Prophecies* and *Legends* all prov'd vain,
Or *Bards* pronounc'd in an ambiguous strain—
If neither *BRUNSWICK* be the distin'd *Oak*,
Nor I the *Bays*, of whom the *Sages* spoke—
This solemn Purpose in my Soul I fix,
And swear by *RAME*, a River dread as *STYX*,
RATHO, like *THEBES*, shall rise again in Fame,
And, with *AMPHION*, *MITCHELL* find a Name!

POETS of GOD's Omnipotence partake!
From nothing we can Worlds of Wonder make!
Sure to Survive, when Time shall whelm in Dust
The Arch, the Marble, and the mimick Bust!

Let

32 *R A T H O*, &c.

Let others rise by Labours not *their own*—
Out of *myself* be Struck my bright Renown!
Yet rather perish, with my Life, my Praise,
Than *RATHO* Shine not in immortal Lays.
Dearer than Fame be still my *Country's* Good,
And for its Glory cheap esteem'd my Blood;
In the true B R I T O N, sunk the *Scholar's* Boast,
And the proud *Poet*, in the *Patriot*, lost.

F I N I S.



Forster c. 37